# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

If we would stop and think for a few

minutes of the blessings that come our

way maybe we would not have so much

time to worry. If we have a sound

mind and body, plenty to eat and drink

plenty of fresh air, a house in which

to live, clothing to wear and friends by the score and know that all these

The thing that brings me "up stand

ing" and makes me heartily ashamed for my grumblings over minor diffi

miserable it made me when a woman

next time and to accept gratefully the

Ambition

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For Nervous People

The great nerve tonic—the famous Wendell's Ambition Pills—that will

### THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Show Me, Angela!

By BARBARA KERR (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

SHE was such an alluring bit of femininity. Her dark brown hair was beautifully marceiled—not that she had spent twenty five perfectly good dollars and had the job done, that is permanently waved at one sitting, but she was a twice a week customer at Mme. Periwig's, and as this was one of the bi-weekly days she knew that it was thoroughly and effi-

ciently done. She knew that the two curly little horns, one over each ear, were just so, and were skewered into place with in-numerable invisible hairpins; that her hair was roached back with a most bewitching cowlick at the most be-coming angle of her forehead, and

Her complexion was arrived at by the benzolc method. It was now seven months and twenty one days since water had touched her face. Her make 17 box took up the whole end of a clothea closet, and her bills for cosmet los creams and other heautifier, were Ics creams and other beautifiers were greater than those of her father for

But her devoted parents had no fault to find with Angela's tout ensemble, nor the cost thereof for she was vastly easy for all to look upon and a finished feast for the tired eyes of in-

dulgent parents.

And to all this Angela Burton was wise. She had capitalized her appearance and knew it. More than once it had brought her what she des'red But now, it was a tearful, almost ter-rifying moment, Tommy Hampton, her old sweetheart, who had always stood so in awe of her, was returned from France and in their first minutes he was saying to her:

"No use, Angic! You've got to show me something besides good looks -you're a peacherino all right, all right, but I've been around some and I've seen all kinds of girls and the girl that interests me now is the girl with the goods-not dry goods, eith-

"Oh, I suppose that Lieut, Hampton is going to marry money!" retorted Angela scornfully.

"No!" thundered Tommy, "but if you don't you'll be short of grease to run that complexion of yours."

She sprang to her feel in a rage.
"Now that was pretty coarse work
Angle, but it's the honest-to-God truth angle, out its the nonest-to-do that I didn't start out to be a beast. I was only going to tell you that my ideas have changed. We've fought this war on what was inside our heads and not what we were painted up to look like. I've seen girls ragged, uncombed— yes, as savage as we were—who'd go with us to the gates of hell and kiss us and cry over us when we came back. And they looked a good deal more like angels to me than you do. Angie, you and I are a century apart. I'm looking for a mate, not a piece of bric-abrac for a corner whatnot, You won't do, Ann. You're just scen-

Clapping her hands over her ears Angela sped up the stairs and Tommy

took his hat and left.

She was too angry for words. No one in the world had ever before told her she was utterly uscless. In order to revive her self respect and dry her tears with bits of absorbent cotton, she sat down before her mirror. Then her vitalizing sense of humor

came to her rescue.
"So you're scenery, Ann?" she mim-icked to her reflection. "Well, he did cot say you weren't interesting scen-ery—oh, no, but he said a lot!" Gazing at herself intently after a moment's thought, "No, we'll not deface the scen ery—it's all I'm traveling on, just now but we'll show Mr. Hampton-

fully, preoccupiedly she went through her closet, took down an old blue linen put it on; then laid out on the bed a clean white collar and cuff set, put on a big apron and hurried to the phone.

'Yes, dad. I've some extra time on my hands, and if you want to bring out an old friend to dinner we'll set him up a nifty handout. Any one you bring is all right." she assured her father. Then she repaired to the atchen and told her mother what she had done, adding, "but it wouldn't be any more trouble to fix for two than one. Let's have Uncle Joah, too." And they called him. He was de-

little wink he asked:

"Are you a farmer Angle, or is there
partner in the background?"
"Now, uncle, haven't I been out
there enough with you to know a lot
about farming? Anyway, no one ever
said I couldn't learn." Then, demurely, "Of course, I might take on a part ner, later. Who knows?"

And the doting uncle agreed that she couldn't do worse than some of the tenant's he'd had, and she might try, as the present renter was leav-

And," continued Angle, patting his cok and straightening his tie, "I'll aye some first class advice on tap all the time for I shall keep one room just for you, and whenever the side-walks begin to hurt your feet you'll have a place in the country where you can come and hibernate. Oh, we'll have loads of fun, Nunkie, see if we

"But it's a hard life for a woman-country life is" discouraged her uncle wistfully. "You'll have to part with some of your style and good looks."

"Well, even at that, I'll not part with more than some girls who are living in flats, half starved, without chick or child-no room even for a pet en-why I can spot them as far as I

can see them. I've thought it all out carefully Uncle Joab, and I wan't to try—and you know grandmother lived there and she was the prettlest woman in this country when she died. I knew you'd let me,"

When everything was planned and When everything was planned and almost ready Angela sent her mother to dress. "Now doll up a bit, mother, for my dad, your old steady likes it." And she took off the big apron and put on the white collar and cuffs over her blue linen as became the daughter who was to serve.

Dad was more than pleased when

to tak of the olden times, now they started in life what the girls did and the hardships of the mothers. The old men were charmed. They resented it when the bell rang and a messager delivered a note to Angele senger delivered a note to Angela who slipped away to her own room to

"Monday evening and lonesom

"I needn't have been such a beast Ann. I could have left if I did not like the artificial make up. But somehow I can't be sorry, for it had to come out some time, sooner or latcoming angle of her forehead, and that her 'widow's peak' was pointed and precisely over the left eyebrow.

Therefore by and because of all these stone her coif was the last word.

Therefore by and because of all these stone her coif was the last word.

The headed for the up country and the best of the up country and the precisely over the left eyebrow. Therefore by and because of all these stone her coif was the last word.

The headed for the up country and the precise of the up country and the precise of the as you know. S'pect you'll feel sor-ry for her. Will leave tomorrow at two." He started to write "love," but crossed it out and signed, "Resp'y

After Angela had her cry out she went and washed her face with water then indited her reply:

Busy Day.
"Dear Mr. Hampton-Fine for you! I'm started on just such a career myself. Uncle Joab is is going to le me manage his farm next year. I'll have to economize for it will take lots of grease for complex on and other farm machinery. But I'm figuring to marry later on some competent young man to run the farm. It will be marry later on some competent young man to run the farm. It will be much cheaper than hiring, but you needn't feel sorry for him, for I'll treat him white when he proves to me that he is a full size man. And I shall not expect him to tell me how to comb my hair. Resp'y,
"A. BURTON"

The note was handed to Tom an hour before train time. He read it, grinned appreciatively, then on second reading laughed broadly. He felt that it should be appreciatively.

at it should be answered at once.
"Dear Ann—Have you any one in
lew for that place? I might be persuaded to take it. Answer

And she did, sending it to the station, where a rather disconsolate and crest fallsn Tommy was wondering whether he would have to buy a tick-et or whether Ann might relent. He fairly snatched the note from the hand of the messenger turned aside from the crowd and read:

Dear Mr. Hampton:

). But I never persuade and pay You might bring around your recommendations from your last place and we'll talk it over. Uncle Joab and I are going out to look over the farm at three. I might add, that I am disposed to give an old soldier preference over other applicants, all other things being equal. Resp'y.

A RURTON" A. BURTON."

Tom dismissed the messenger, de-c'ding to answer the note in person. He called at a jewelers on the way and still arrived at Burton's in time to prove that he was qualified to fill he place, and to go with Angela and ncle Joab out to look over the farm

## The Story Lady

a mile

Angela was nobody's fool. There were as many convolutions in the brain inside of her marceiled head as there were waves in her ha'r. Thought supper at seven.

One day Peter begged to go after the cows all by himself and grandpa promised, so when Peter heard the five o'clock whistle blow he started out very importantly

He stopped at the first clump of dogwood and cut a long slender switch. It took some time to select one that just suited him. Then when

And they called him. He was delighted. I also had lain down. Peter had quite a time getting them started. One the a way home he found a quail nest. He stopped and counted them, then wanted the charming replica of his mother, ong since dead, whom he had idolized so when Angle got him off by himself and haltingly proposed to rent his farm he chuckled and with a wise wink he asked:

Angla was more to him than mere. Half of the things we worry over happen anyway and I believe never happen anyway and I believe never



Mary Thomas Reveals Her Plan for Entering the U.boat. "I'm so peeved not to have you with, When Bob arrived, Dr. Certeis was

laugh followed her words over the one by one, and I knew that the fam-wire. Ily was formed in a joyous circle "Stop, Mary, stop, I beg of you!" I around the dinner table.

went into his room, to see that it was Bach turned and came vague in the dusk. Join perfect order to the last detail. I the cluster of rowboats. He lounged set his brushes in the place he was accarelessly against one of them, but customed to find them, and I hunted spoke under his breath directly at me, up a pillow of infinitesimal size—but the only size upon which my big boy size upon which my big boy size upon which my big boy and waiting for it to set dark." hour, and waiting for it to get dark."

milk bucket and the seven o'clock that we will accomplish more than to sit down and "cry over spilled milk."

whistle was blowing.

Peter hung his head,

"I guess I need the switch worse
than the cows did," he said.

# **Evening Chat**

This Habit of Worrying.

Worry kills more persons than does disease, physicians say and I believe it is a fact. We worry over the most trivial things and thereby totally unfit. trivial things and thereby totally unfit affair.
ourselves to meet the bigger trials and

vicissitudes that must come to us one We worry for fear the in man wont come—and if he doesn't come there is cause for worry for the milk, cream and butter will necessarily spoil. But does worrying ever bring him? We think not, but a little "prodding" may have the desired effect and save us the krey hairs and wrinkles caused by worrying.

To my grumblings over minor difficulties and perplexities is to see some one less favored than I—some one who perhaps has only one leg or arm or is unable to walk or talk or see, and is thus deprived of many of the blessings I enjoy. The other day I had just remarked to a friend how hot and disagreeable the weather was and how miserable it made me when a woman.

too hot or too cold, and over the fact that beefsteak is not so tender as we had of two or three summers the child would wish and for fear it will rain tomorrow and we can't go to the picnic
we had planned. If worrying would
help out and cause the rain not to descend, well so long so good—but it
wont. If the weather sages say it will
rain—it wont—so why worry?

I knew a small girl once who with
her parents was to go into the coun-

her parents was to go into the country to spend the day provided it didn't rain. Her parents were apprehensive Peter always went with his grand-ather after the cows. The parties cloudy—of course more on the young The pasture miss's account than their own—that it would rain before it became time to house and a long lane with a fence on either side led from the barn to the pasture.

They always started when the six pretty dimpled face to the skies asked in a simple childish manner that God would not let it rain. She came from the window with face beaming and said, "oh, mother, it isn't going to rain. God said it wouldn't." And it didn't. Wasn't that better than worrying over

I have a dear friend who is natura!ly of a happy, cheery disposition but put vigor, vim and vitality into nervous who will worry herself almost sick if tired out, all in, despondent people in dogwood and cut a long stender switch. It took some time to select one that just suited him. Then when he got started again a baby cottontail led him a chase through the oats at the side of the lane.

When he finally got to the gate the cows had gotten tired of waiting and had lain down. Peter had quite a time getting them started. One the way home he found a quail nest. He

frown over little inconveniences and perplexities of the every day world.

The writer of Evening Chat "stands corrected." A few evenings ago she stated in this column that she had not in seen a rainbow this season and that on a certain evening she had looked in best, for people who care.

The quality is not excelled any vain for one as she felt certain there where. over her blue linen as became the daughter who was to serve.

Dad was more than pleased when Angela led him and his two old guests to talk of the olden times, how they rise.

When Bob arrived, Dr. Certeis was should have been one as the weather conditions appeared ideal for this column have notified by the olden times, how they rise.

When Bob arrived, Dr. Certeis was should have been one as the weather conditions appeared ideal for this phe-without even speaking to him. And nomena. Since that evening several yet itwas a vast comfort to me to no-readers of this column have notified to talk of the olden times, how they rise.

Try a dish of our fresh peach locations appeared ideal for this phe-without even speaking to him. And nomena. Since that evening several yet itwas a vast comfort to me to no-readers of this column have notified to talk of the olden times, how they prevail on the Lorimer pier at sun-rise.

"Why, I'm going to pull off a real stunt this time. You see, I can't scale the slippery, curved side of the U-boat from the bottom of the sea. So I'm to be lowered from the tug directly onto the conning tower ladder. With my phone I can order the men on the tug the conning tower ladder. With my phone I can order the men on the tug just how to lower me."

"I see," said I. "They'll move you around with cranes and pulleys like a block of building stone, and when like that "at dawn, tomorrow," she block of building stone, and when like that "at dawn, tomorrow," she is only sorry indeed that you're delicately adjusted at the right spot—"
spot—"
When I give the signal, they'll just drop me, like—like a little cork moodily between the boats late into the into a big bottle," and Mary's gay evening while the stars sparkled out

### HOME MADE CANDY.

To those who have followed the quite gasped it, for it popped into my in a couldn't bear to turn my eyes tomind that it takes an awful struggle ward the house. But if I had crouch trend of public preference, Mrs. Graf's mind that it takes an awful struggle sometimes to get out a cork that has been pushed too far into a bottle. "Lately, Mary, you've been making facetious speeches that get on my nerves awfully."

"You dear thing," came to my ear in Mary's sweetest voice. "You're too good to me, Jane. But you know, don't you, that I'm real appreciative?"

I blew her a little kiss, and we rang off. But the memory of Mary Thomas sincerity that afternoon will never leave me. I think I should have been haunted by it for hours that day, except for the thought of Bob. Before he was due to arrive at the house. I ward the house. But if I had crouch the house it if I had crouch the house of motionless at first because I want-bed to, later I remained that way out of mary life. For suddenly I had detected Jo Batch striding up and down the beach, not at all stealthily as a diet are kept in an feed refrigerator to keep them fresh. H-H Drug Co., them fresh. H-H Drug Co., July 13, 14, 15, 16.

The man was certainly clever, I thought of Bob. Before he was due to arrive at the house, I beach became vague in the dusk, Jo Bach turned and came straight toward

Possibly a step further, but the best s here for you. We don't buy it all ready made. We

Made from the very best materials

a nice clean place. Made for people who appreciate the

### EVERYBODY

Is war gardening—doing their bit— but if they would have their "bit" prove to be a "big bit" and really worth while—they should visit the Hall Hardware company and supply themselves with garden seeds and a complete outfit of garden tools. There you will find everything needed to make your garden a success .- Adv.



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### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS-(JUST LET THEM ALONE IS THE BEST WAY)-BY ALLMAN.





